



Upon the tender Swan Exalls they sat down,
They all were of delicate feature,
Eh! what of her petticoat smock, & Town,
To sight it could ever be seen.
Into the Pond then dabling they went,
So clean that they needed no washing,
But they were all so unuse'dly bent,
The Boys they began to be dashing.

If my body should fail us says one,
They'd think we were bedding of eills,
And from the sight of us quickly would run,
To avoid so many white Devils.
Tis past the youth on such a merry Min,
He let go his hold, this' was Langford,
And as he fell out, he fell tumbling in,
and scolded them all out of the water.

The old Man by this time a noise had heard
and rose out of his in a trice Sir,
And comes to the door with a ready old Wood,
There stood in a posture to sight him,
The Dung-horn they all came tumbling in,
and after that they did wonder,
Who Cry'd aloud, Who? O Town Gentlemen,
and thought they were the boys come to plunder.

He note by this time the neighbour had heard;
Who came with long Clusters and staves,
He told them that their master Blaggeton up
he did by no means to tell them. (Gates,
For they were cloathed all in their best,
he see as they shew'd in their shoulders,
And black B'holes hung before like a Knit,
which mad them believe they were Soldiers.

The Virgins fair Cloaths in the Garden had
and keys of their trunks in their pocket, (left,
To put on the streets they were fain to make
their Chestry could not unlock it. (Milt,
At last Dantes up these valiant men,
thus Armed with Congerwamery;
But took them for Imperty, and burnt back again,
and swore that the house it was painted.

As they measured the young man they met,
come halping that the door stand. (met,
which look'd like a man with his Cloaths hanging
no longer that way pump's comin no more,
All were amazed to see him come in,
and dash'd off his jacket round the water,
We told them the story, and when he had done,
which made them both into a laughter.

Painted for R. K. at the Blew-Anchor near Pye-Coney.



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10/21/19

THE
Grand Mistake:
OR,
All Men Happy if they Please.

SHEWING,

- I. How Beggars may be as Happy as Kings.
 - II. The Sick as Easie as the Sound.
 - III. The Barren Woman as Contented as the Fruitful.

By the Author of The Pleasures of a Single Life.

VA IN restless Man, Infatiate in Desire,
Why this Poor State despise, that Rich admire,
Since Heav'ns regard, in spight of Fortunes
(Frowns,
Extends alike to Cottages and Crowns ?
What Real Comforts are by K I N G S ingrost,
But still the meanest Slave as Great may boast ?
If Pow'r and Plenty are the Joys assign'd,
Each B E G G A R an Equivoalent may find,
And ballance both with a Contended Mind.
A Peaceful Soul can bless the lowest State,
And turn the very sharpest edge of Fate,
The Highest Bliss the greatest Prince can know
is free to ev'ry Clown that Toiles below.
Lover's the Supream Blessing of the Mind,
And this alike is free to all Mankind.

The Gaudy-Bomp that does on Monarchs wait,
And makes them seem as Happy as they're Great,
Is nothing but a thin External shew,
Projected to deceive the common view :
They Rule in Fear, their Slaves with Joy Obey,

Masters, by Servants Magnifie their Pow'r,
And in their Numbers think themselves secure ?
Believe the Useleſſ Grandeur they Possesſ,
Makes Life more easie and their Cares the leſſ :
But by the Wize no Servile Trains desir'd,
They think themselves moſt Safe when moſt Retir'd.
Shun Noiſy Pomp, Abhorring to be Gay,
And place their Happineſſ a diſſerent way.
But the Proud Man does in his Slaves deſight,
And by his Farming Crowds attracts our Sight ;
But all his Joys are Dreams, and when awake
He by Experience finds his Grand Diſtace.
Alas ! The pleaſing End is quite deſtroy'd,
He does but Hire thoſe Plagues he would Avoide,
And what in Vulgar Eyes denotes him Great,
Is but a Curse Intail'd on his Eſtate,
To disappointment thoſe Hopes, thoſe Joys moleſt,
With which the Rich would fain Alone be Bleſſt.
But P R O V I D E N C E that Universal Friend,
That to All Stations does its Care extend.
By Inward Peace can ſooth the meaneft State,
Turn to the world a weſt ſide, ~~and~~ ^{weſt} weſt ſide.
These Conſiderations that in Health we ſeldom feel

Content ! The Labour of the Ploughman Crowns,
The Rich are more expos'd to Fortunes Frowns ;
And doa Thousand Plagues and Torments find
That cannot reach the Peasants Humble Mind.
The Pomp that does on Men of Title wait,
Is not much their Choice as 'tis their Fate.
The things in which we think they Happy are,
Is not the Great Man's Comfort but his Care.
For he, who *Cressus* like, can Riches boast
Sufficient to maintain a Warlike Host,
Would soon be Injur'd and Oppres'd by Stealth
Without an Army to defend his Wealth ;
And when thus safe, his Legions but devour
What their proud Master hire them to secure ;
Who finds his Income Small, tho' his Bounds Great,
His Troops and Servants eat up his Estate,
They're all contracted Part'ners in his Store,
For Pay they *Cringe, Fight, Flatter* and Adore ;
And if their Ruler fails to use 'em well,
What makes them Serve, will tempt them to Rebel ;
Thus the Great Man is mis'rably Misled,
Who thinks by Servants to be Happy made,
Num'rous Attendance but Invade our Peace,
Vex us with Faults, and Triumph o'er our Ease :
Content depends not upon Humane Aid,
But is from Heav'n, by secret means, convey'd.
'Tis a kind Ray of the Eternal Love,
That has its Object no where but Above.
God is the only Fountain Good Men find,
Of all the Joys that truly Bless the Mind.

But still, perhaps, you may Object and say,
The Mighty Prince that does an Army Sway,
Is Blest above those Legions that Obey.

The Figure that he makes, proclaims him so,
He rides aloft, the other cringe Below.

These would be powerful Arguments, 'tis true,
Did Happiness consist in outward shew ;
But since we all, but Just Experience, find
Content is only seated in the Mind,
We must not Judge from his External State,
That therefore he's more Happy, but more Great :
Tho' he commands, rewards, dislikes, approves,
And Glittering Pomp surrounds him as he moves,
Fears, Cares, and Sorrows may his Mind Depress,
Beneath the Standard of *Terrestrial Happiness*.
The Ambitious Eagle often takes delight,
To Soar beyond the reach of *Humane Sighs* ;
Yet Providence the like regard does show,
To each small Bird that Chirping sits below ;
So *Mercenary Slaves* that Fight for Pay,
Conquer for Plunder, and for Bread Obey.
Posse's those Blessings to the Great unkown,
That make their Painful Lives go smoothly down :
Kings are but joyful when their Arms succeed,

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Thus Providence keeps all things in a poise,
All Stations have their Fears, their Cares and Joy,
But then say you, much happier are the Host,
That won the Field, than those the Battle lost.

A Gross Mistake ; the Slain to rest are fled,
No Perturbations can afflict the Dead.
The Wounded boast the Honour of their Scars,
Pleas'd they've surviv'd the dangers of the Wars,
And make their Joy for their Escape as great
As their glad Foes who gave them a Defeat ;
Whilst those Unhurt, rejoice as well as they,
That they have sav'd their Limbs, tho' lost the Day.

The Greedy Victors, when the Battle's done,
Difdain what they with so much hazard won.
And are as much concern'd as those they beat,
Because their Vi'ry was not more compleat.
The Miser-like, that pines amidst his Store,
Th' enjoy not what they have for craving more ;
Tho' Prosp'rous, yet they make their Blessings less,
By their Pride, Av'rice, and Unthankfulness.
Whilst those beneath an Adverse Fortune find,
Some Heav'nly Impulse that delights the Mind ;
And yields their Abject State that Peaceful Joy,
Which Pow'r cannot command, or Riches Buy.
Much care attends where e'er much Wealth is sent,
But in the Rural Cell dwells sweet Content ;
Many posse's too much to be at Rest,
But no Man has too little to be Blest.

The *Grecian* Gen'ral, who the World subdu'd,
With Greedy Eyes its narrow Confines view'd,
Thought the whole Universe a Prize too small,
And wept he could not Conquer more than All :
Whilst the poor Cinick, from the World exempt,
Gaz'd on the Monarchs Greatness with Contempt ;
Scot'd at his Pride, tho' to a Tab confin'd,
And with Content enrich'd his Nobler Mind.

Nero upon the *Throne* found little Rest,
Whilst *Epietus* in his Hut was blest.
Pleas'd with his Lamp, he Coveted no more,
But was in Mind (tho' in Condition Poor)
Rich without Wealth, and Safe without a Door.
Thus *Liz'rus* may in *Abraham's* Bosom dwell,
When the Rich Glutton feels the Pangs of Hell.

Power and Wealth Charm the mistaken Breast,
Who thinks those two can Lull the Mind to rest ;
Tow'rds those we look with an Ambitious Eye,
At these Deceitful Lures the Vulgar fly ;
Believing, if so Blest, they cannot chuse,
But find that happy Peace the Soul persues ;
Yet when alas ! they're painfully aspir'd,
To th' Lofty Station they so much desir'd,
They find their Pleasures still perplex'd with Pain
And by Experience prove their hopes but vain ;
Wanting the Heav'nly Guide they lie their ways,
And from the Happy Path they look for stray :
Thus move dissatisfy'd from Sphere to Sphere,

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These Disappointments make Mankind aspire,
When their aim's lost they think the Mark still higher;
it yet as we to lofty Stations soar,
We find our selves as distant as before.
The Ambitious Eagle mounts at Noon,
In her strong Pinions to o'er take the Sun;
at at length finding she no Ground can gain,
And that her painful Flight is but in vain,
she perches on some lofty Rock or Beech,
and views with wonder what she could not reach.

Ambition doth the Eye of Reason Blind,
and is the Grand Disturber of the Mind;
It spurs us forward to be still more Great,
ut with fresh views disquiets ev'ry State;
All Men are born upon her Restless Wings,
eggs would fain be Lords, and Lords be Kings.
Kings not contented with the Pow'r they've got,
till struggle to be Greater than they ought:
Iazard their Crowns to compass what they crave,
And by Successful Force the World Enslav'd;
Yet when they've waded thro' whole Seas of Blood,
To gain the Vicious end they long purſ'd;
atigu'd and tir'd, they give their Conquests o'er,
And find themselves less Happy than before.
For what we ſteal their Glory's but their Gui't,
And Conscience bluſhes at the Blood they've ſplitt;
Thus all the Eading Lawrels they have won,
Are Stain'd and Mottl'd with the Ills they've done.
Besides,

Iho' their Power's great, and their Dominions large,
The greater i. their care, the more their charge;
For none such Arbitrary Sway can boast.
But still has Plagues proportion'd to his Poſt;
The Highest Monarch that supports a Crown,
Leas'd with the Troubles that attends a Throne,
Must think his Subjects Eafe Superior to his own.
Thus he that Governs will confef, and ſay,
'Tis harder much to Rule, than to Obey.
The Servile Crowd submit with equal pain,
And think their Rulers are the Happy Men;
Thus for each other they the *Cause* decide,
Both are Deceiv'd, and both Difſatisfy'd.
But would they think their Stations Heav'n's Decree,
And make their Fortunes and their Choice agree,
Both by *Content* might charm their Minds to Rest,
And in their ſeveral Spheres alike be Bleſt;
But if both covet more than they enjoy,
Both do alike their Happiness destroy.
What tho' we're Deftin'd to an *Humble State*,
Must we be Curs'd, because we can't be Great?
Must we lament for want of Riches? No,
From Folly, not from Fate, we Wretched grow;
'Tis nothing but our Pride that makes us low.
Why do we then at our *mean Fortune* pine,
Content is not *Terrestrial*, but *Divine*.
Kings to their *Servts*, may their *Wealth* employ,
Whilſt Beggars may receive an *Alms* with *Joy*:
Comfort from Earth our Bodies only find,

Sweet Contemplation is the Fare it needs,
And *true Content* the Offspring that it breeds.

From outward Objects that deceive the Eyes,
Mistakes of our Felicities arise,
Who thinks anothers Happiness is shown
In Vain External Pomp, confounds his own.
Suppose the Slave compares his Humble State
To his who is Profusely Rich and Great;
He finds the External Difference is large,
But is quite thoughtless of his care and charge.
Harbours from thence, this Notion in his Breast,
That t'other's Happy, and himself Unbleſt.
Miftaken Fool! His very care to keep
His large Possessions, oft disturbs his Sleep:
His *Labours* to *Improve, Repair, to Let*,
And Arms himself againſt the World's Deceit;
Sign Leafes, Dun, Sue, Caril and Receive,
Are equal to the Pains thou tak'ſt to Live;
Neglects of Servants does his Peace moleſt,
And Dreams of Robbing interrupt his Rest:
Whilſt Rural Clowns by Providence are freed
From all the Fears and Cares that Riches breed;
Few Dangers do they dread, few Sorrows know,
But reap with Joy, the Fertile Lands they ſow,
When Hungry, to ſome Neighbouring Hedge repair,
And from their Bags refresh with Wholesome Fare;
When their *Works* o'er, feed heartily at Night,
And hug their Leatherne Bottles with Delight.
When Drowsie, to their *Cock Loſis* they ascend,
Between courte Hemp, their weary Limbs extend:
With Peaceful Minds their sleepy Eyes they close,
Have nothing to distract their sweet Repole,
But truly relish all kind Providence bestows.
Thus may poor Slaves be happy if they please,
Tho' the Limbs toil, the Mind may be at eafe.
But how (ſay you) can thoſe that ſickneſſ feel,
Pertake of equal *Comf.rits* with the Well;
Pain muſt the *Body, Wrack*, and *Mind Confound*,
And make the Sick leſs Happy than the Sound;
'Tis all *Miftake*; in this we groſſly err,
And Judge but as things outwardly appear.
Tho' the Weak Body Languid looks and Pate,
The *Mind* may ſtill be Permanent and Hail;
And pleafe the *Body* with a *Transient View*;
Of *Blessings* which in Health it never knew.
Sweet Contemplation does to Sickmen show,
The *Vanity* of all our Joys below;
Lifts up our Thoughts to that All-giving Pow'r,
That yields us *Comfort* in the Painful'ft Hour;
Delights the busie Soul's *Extensive Sight*,
With pleasing Glances of Eternal Light;
Weans us from Worldly Pleasure, by degrees,
And by *Repentance* ſets the Mind at eafe;
Gives us aſſurance of a Happy State,
And makes us with a ſmile Embrace our Fate.
These are the *Blessings* which the Sick obtain,
From Heav'n's kind Hand t' extenuate their Pain;
Who when we're moſt Distref'd, does oft reveal
These *Confidences*, that in Health we ſeldom feel.